

THE
Mirror of the Stage;
OR,
NEW DRAMATIC CENSOR.

—*—
"To hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature;
To show virtue her own feature; scorn her own image;
And the very age and body o' the times its form and pressure."

No. 9.] MONDAY, Dec. 2nd, 1822. [Vol. I.

THE Proprietors of the "Mirror of the Stage," beg to inform their numerous patrons and readers, that, in consequence of extreme pressure of professional engagements, on the part of Miss F. H. KELLY, the usual memoir accompanying the portrait is unavoidably deferred until our next number. Miss Kelly had kindly promised to remit the several matters connected with her dramatic career; but not arriving until late this day, and to prevent delay, an issue of the work was considered indispensable, in order that the punctuality and dispatch, which is the chief consideration of periodical intelligence, should not be brought into question:—Miss Kelly's interesting memoir will therefore be given in our ensuing number.

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LINES,

Written after seeing Miss F. H. KELLY, as Juliet.

By HARRY STOE VAN DYK.

"I warrant an I should live a thousand years,
I never should forget it." Shakspeare.

—*—
I mark'd her step, and I thought of a fawn,
That sports in the forest at early dawn,
When the sun rays fall on the foliage dark,
And the streams are awaken'd from sleep by the lark.

I gaz'd on her cheek, which a maiden flush,
(Too deep to be pale, yet too faint for a blush)
Stole lightly along, and I thought of the hue
Of a lily's fair leaves, with the sun shining through.

I heard her voice, and at every word,
I thought of the plaintive and dulcet-toned bird,
Who welcomes the moon, and who sings her to rest.
With a song of pure love on Endymion's breast.

I mark'd her tremulous hope and fear,
At the masquerade, when her lover drew near;
And the downcast glance, and the smile of bliss,
When her hand receiv'd the "*Palmer's* kiss;"
And it seem'd so yielding, and ah! so white,
That I envied the *Palmer* his brief delight.

I saw her too when the pale moon kept
Her watch in the heav'n's whilst nature slept;
When the tone which she gave to her *Romeo's* name,
To the heart on wings of the night-breeze came—
So "silver sweet," that each bosom around
Felt love was embodied and liv'd in the sound.

I mark'd her well, when with fond caress,
And with open-hearted gentleness,
And eloquent smile, (that best of charms!)
She crept in her petulant *Nurse's* arms.

The scene was chang'd when I look'd again,
Her *Romeo* banished, and *Tybalt* slain;
And sorrow seem'd dimly, and coldly, to dwell,
In the face which a smile had oft lighted so well.
The potion was rais'd to her lips, and she sank
On her couch, like a pale wither'd flower on its bank!
And at length, when arous'd from the dreary tomb,
With eyes of new lustre, and tears of fresh bloom,
She fell in despair where her *Romeo* lay,
And breath'd on his corse her lone spirit away.

I have seen—I have heard her, and cannot forget,
That form and those accents are hunting me yet;
And my heart will acknowledge, until it shall fail
To find grandeur in mountains and peace in the vale,
And beauty in ocean, and light in the sun,
That the *Juliet* of KELLY, and SHAKSPEARE, are one.

Theatrical Diary.

DRURY LANE.

Nov. 16th. A new Way to pay old Debts, Two Galley Slaves.—18th. Richard the Third, Giovanni in London.—19th. Provoked Husband, Paul and Virginia.—20th. Othello, Two Galley Slaves.—21st. Siege of Belgrade, Venetian Nuptials, Rendezvous.—22nd. Wild Oats, Giovanni in London.—23rd. Love in a Village, Paul and Virginia.—25th. Richard the Third, Giovanni in London.—26th. Provoked Husband, Venetian Nuptials, Rendezvous.—27th. Othello, Monsieur Tonson.—28th. Love in a Village, Two Galley Slaves.

"*Siege of Belgrade.*"—Our visit to Drury Lane theatre, this evening, was not attended with that satisfaction which our ideas had buoyed us up with: we can account for it in a particular degree,

from the unprofitable situation which we were compelled to witness the opera in, being so extremely close to the stage, the beauty of sound escaped us, and the effort of the singer disadvantageously perceptible.—The “Siege of Belgrade” is an indifferent, and was originally without doubt, a very hurried production; but it contains some rich music, and this, with the introduction of other pieces, by Braham and Madame Vestris, it submitted a delightful collection. Braham, as the *Seraskier*, was greeted with loud acclamations, and appeared perfectly in tune; we have not an opportunity of fairly stating his worth, but his voice seems to possess its full tone and sweetness, and the execution as powerful as ever: the song, “*My heart with love is beating*,” and the duet, “*When thy bosom heaves the sigh*,” with Lilla, is an efficient reason for our belief: the second part of the *letter duet*, with Miss Forde, was equally successful—we have paid no uncommon attention to most of the male singers of late years, but we should find imminent difficulty in pointing out one who can come near the science and sweetness of Braham. The *Lilla* of Madame Vestris, has no superior. Miss Forde performed *Katherine*—it is that we have not had frequent representation of opera at this theatre, or that the value of this young lady is not placed in its proper sphere: we are confident that from the ability we have witnessed, there is great merit, and ought to be equal respect paid to it; in this essential we have no reference to public appreciation; indeed if this were our exclusive guide, we should say that on this evening her endeavours were fully congratulated, and that her abilities were of an enviable description: we speak from our own observation, as a singer of first-rate eminence, her acting is peculiarly judicious and effective; we may hope to see her oftener—the arduous song of “*Descend bright victory*,” was given with great skill, and was rapturously *encored*. The opera is well cast, and claims much repetition.

The opera of “*Love in a Village*” presented a novelty, in the first appearance of a Mrs. Austin, from the Dublin boards, as *Rosetta*; Mr. Horn’s *Young Meadows*, and Mr. Braham, as *Hawthorn*. From the early announcement of Mrs. Austin’s name, we had formed (usual in such cases) great expectations and notions of her brilliancy, nothing less than a Stephens or Paton! we placed ourselves, in consequence thereof, in an eligible part of the house for the receipt of our entertainment. Mrs Austin is an agreeable figure, with a prepossessing set of features, and a perfect knowledge of the stage. If we were to say that she sang like Miss Carew,

or Miss so-and-so, (that is for instance, any other Miss, whose vocal talent cannot fail in pleasing, although not wholly in possession of supremacy of excellence,) we should not be convicted for defamation! Mrs Austin is gifted with a sweet voice, and not ignorant or unaccustomed to its compass and variation—in this latter quality she indulged rather more than necessary, as the airs of Rosetta are chiefly admired for chastity, and an unadorned display of science.—We are willing to allow the lady all her possible worth, but if we conscientiously declare that we prefer Miss Tree, or Madame Vestris, not questioning the superiority of Miss Stephens and Miss Paton, we must not be blamed or accused of partiality in so doing: we are honest in our wishes and our intentions, and so far as *second-rate* talent is commendable, Mrs. Austin has demands upon our notice:—she was well received, and will of course be an acquisition to the operatic company already in use. Mr. Horn is so well known as a singer, that present comment is needless; we have to assure our readers, that his voice is in the same *musical mist* as ever.—We ask pardon for the singular term thus applied, but it is a similitude in our imagination, and we express it accordingly; for positively Mr. Horn's voice appears to labour through a fog, and which is the more discoverable when the fine tone of Braham's, like a "sunbeam's genial ray," breaks in upon the expanse to dispel the cheerless density; if there be any alteration, it is for the better:—one great advantage to Mr. Horn is, that he is finished in the science he professes, which notwithstanding, physical defects may impede, he still has *idea*, which must be beneficial. The character of *Hawthorn* is not adequate to the power of Mr. Braham, at least there is not opportunity enough for its exercise: a singer of ordinary capability might gain equal success. We remember to have seen Incledon play it, he looked and acted the "sturdy yeoman;" Charles Taylor has played it, Isaacs likewise; however, if it be a condescension on Mr. Braham's part, and a wish of the manager's to strengthen the cast of the opera, the public is the more indebted—his "*Friend of my soul*," was sweetly given and loudly *encored*. Miss Povey looked interesting, and sang prettily, as usual. Miss Copeland's *Madge* is equally entitled to approbation.

Kean's performance of *Richard*, has been a matter of some discussion of late, regarding a failure of talent, and the diminution of his wonted spirit and energy: we went this evening, to make our own observations, with as much attention possible, and to discover how far public opinion might be governed by "idle faucey,"

or if there really was 'cause of complaint. We are in ourselves probably as much in enthusiasm with the merits of Kean, as any play-going folk can be; still, we are not so far blind to his faults, or would wish to screen them when censure is wanting. In Kean's personation of the "crook'd-back tyrant," this evening, a difference was *certainly* perceptible; there was not half the bustle and animation about him as formerly:—Whether it originates from a feeling of fatigue, in the constant repetition and hackneyed appearance of the character, (and this is our belief;) or whether he considers "fame" has reached her "highest top," and that the smile or displeasure of the public is an equal matter of indifference; we know not this:—But surely it cannot be a principle of the man, whose recollection, to the latest period in life, must tell him, that from such a public all his enjoyments are derived—the man, who, in the "spring time" of popularity, could with seeming honesty and sincerity acknowledge, that he "shall never forget to whom he owed his reputation;" and further, that he had "taught his child" daily to articulate a "blessing on them," could not debase that pledge by coldness and ingratitude:—Oh no! Mr. Kean possesses a mind beyond the "common cast;" he will not suffer it to be in unison with venality.

It was likewise remarked in our presence, that were it not "neglect of duty," his faculties are impaired: but we cannot perceive any organic defect; his general acting of Richard was quiet, without labour, and still the same "bent of genius" which the character demanded; if the enunciation was less remarkable, we do not regret it, because we have frequently considered an easier strain of delivery would be more harmonizing. The scene with Lady Anne, was as striking and as replete with effect, as the first moment of representation. The soliloquy on the departure of the "mayor and citizens," commencing "why now my golden dream is out," was truly perfect; and several others, equally great, and retaining all their original value. His fight with Richmond was fiery and determined: the expression of vindictive hatred, and his desire to grasp the throat of his opponent while falling, was excellent. The curtain dropped with shouts of approbation.

The wishes we entertained and expressed in a prior number, of the combination of the talent of those *Thespian monarchs*, Young and Kean, in the same evening, has been verified; and their announcement for *Othello* and *Iago*, on Monday, drew the greatest house we have witnessed for a considerable time. Several minutes before the rising of the curtain, the house was literally crammed to

the cieling, and the number of persons unable to get admission was immense; we were ourselves nearly in a similar predicament, for in consequence of the continued hurry and pressure for seats, it was only at intervals we could hear, and an occasional glimpse was gained with much difficulty. The *Othello* of Kean has merited such repeated attraction, and admiration, that to expect something still greater was almost impossible: Young's *Iago*, is by no means new to the theatrical world, and those who have witnessed it, might have waited an age to have met with a superior. The talent then of two such actors placed together—the scientific and inimitable display of art in the one, and the genuine, rich and brilliant touches of nature in the other—these extreme of oppositions were to be seen—this contention of genius on the same boards—no wonder public gratification and curiosity was so heightened—'twas a moment, which the friends of Mr. Young, and the partizans of Kean, had looked for with eagerness, and such a moment was now before them.

The entry of *Iago*, was noticed with every demonstration of applause and delight possible; cheers from all parts of the house, by the waving of hats and handkerchiefs, and a greater part of the audience standing, amidst incessant huzzas, during the lapse of several moments. The opening speech of *Iago*, "'sblood! will you not hear me?" excited repetition, and at the close of the above line, nearly the same sense of admiration was manifested. The second scene opened, and the appearance of Kean was not less welcomed; some few minutes passing in "dumb and outward show."

It was our intention of giving an elaborate detail of this striking performance; but until we have had a more agreeable opportunity of following their mutual exertions, in defiance to interruption, we must content ourselves for the present. For the analysis of their principal scenes, we must consequently defer till our next.

COVENT GARDEN.

Nov. 15th. The Way to Keep Him, Irish Tutor, Two Galley Slaves.—16th. Romeo and Juliet, A Day after the Wedding, Irish Tutor.—18th. Romeo and Juliet, Cherry and Fair Star.—19th. Don John, Irish Tutor, Two Galley Slaves.—20th. Romeo and Juliet, Ali Pacha.—21st. Henri Quatre, No Song no Supper.—22nd. Romeo and Juliet, Aladdin.—23rd. Rob Roy Macgregor, Irish Tutor, Ali Pacha.—25th. Romeo and Juliet, Cherry and Fair Star.—26th. Two Gentlemen of Verona, Forty Thieves.—27th. Romeo and Juliet, The Libertine.—28th. Way to Keep Him, Irish Tutor, Ali Pacha.

"*Romeo and Juliet*" has been played at this theatre three times a week, to very fashionable and crowded houses; Miss F. H. Kelly, the successful *debutante*, appears to have excited in an extraordinary degree the curiosity of the town, to witness her performance of the fair heroine of this beautiful tragedy: we have seen her twice, and we most unequivocally pronounce her the very best *Juliet* the stage can at present boast of. Her person is rather below the middle height, and is most elegantly formed; her face, without possessing those strongly marked features, so necessary for a tragic actress, is very expressive, and we may add, pretty; she has also very fine eyes, which greatly contribute to render her appearance pleasing; her voice is melodious, but not of power sufficient for so large a theatre; she seems to have a perfect acquaintance with the stage business, and her actions are easy and graceful: with such recommendations, any female, possessed only of ordinary understanding, would make an impression on an audience, but Miss F. H. Kelly, although so young, appears to have mental qualifications sufficient for a first-rate actress. But as our readers expect of us a critical examination of her merits, we shall endeavour to point out such parts of her performance, as will justify our assertion of her being the best actress on the stage.

Shakspeare, in this his beautifully wrought conception, has with a master hand depicted Juliet as the very slave of passion; she is presented to us by the poet at an age too, when love, if once imbibed, forms the only feeling of the soul. She has seen, in Romeo, what she considers the very perfection of a lover—young, handsome, ardent; like herself, he possesses those romantic feelings which make first love appear so blissful, that every other consideration sinks before its powerful influence. He sees nought else but Juliet—she occupies his every thought; existence without her is a blank; Juliet is his heaven: she, too, adores her Romeo—he is the "god of her idolatry;" she sacrifices for him her parents, her early associations, her all. Yet even such materials as these, in common hands, would have been insipid and tasteless, but Shakspeare has thrown over them so brilliant a light, that love with them seems the very "sunshine of the soul."

In the last scene of the first act, where Juliet commences her acquaintance with Romeo, Miss Kelly's manner, when questioning the Nurse of her knowledge of the youth, displayed all the anxiety naturally attendant on the circumstances: the way in which she uttered

"If he be married,

My grave is like to be my wedding bed."

was so tender, so beautifully pathetic, that we should in vain attempt to describe it.

In the garden scene, before she discovers the presence of her lover, she surprized us by the delivery of the speech,

"Tis but thy name that is mine enemy:—

the sweetness of her tones seemed to harmonize with the solemn stillness of the hour. Again, where she says

"My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words

Of that tongue's uttering, yet I know the sound."

her very soul appeared to hover round her lips, to breathe its wishes in her lover's ear.—But really, if we were to enumerate all the beauties, we should be obliged to quote every line in the scene.

The next scene of any importance, is that where the Nurse returns, after her interview with Romeo: in this scene, there were some beautiful touches of natural feeling. Her anxiety to hear the answer from her lover, was admirably blended with her affection for the Nurse, and the concern evinced for the supposed illness of her messenger; but the joy, expressed on hearing of the intended meeting at the Friar's cell, was the very height of ecstasy: the brightness of her eye, and the rosy hue that overspread her cheek, together with the illusion of the scenery, made us for a moment forget we were in a theatre.

Up to this part of the play, she was all that the most partial could desire; but in the following scene, where she is told of her Romeo's banishment, we must confess we were disappointed. Her conception of this part of the character, although strictly correct, yet she seemed to want physical powers to portray the heart-rending sorrows of the wretched Juliet. As proof of our opinion, we would quote her delivery of the reproof to the Nurse, beginning with

"Blister'd be thy tongue for such a wish."

we remember the excellence of Miss O'Neill in this scene, too vividly, not to discern the want of it in Miss Kelly. What we have said of this scene, applies also to the remaining parts of the tragedy: she certainly can but faintly depict those dark shades of the character, whose agonies seem to rend the heart in twain.

In the last scene, however, she displayed great talent, and the fondness with which she clung to her husband, even in death, was beautiful and natural. To sum up her merit in a few words—we do not hesitate to say that, although very inferior to her great predecessor, Miss O'Neill, yet she is the finest tragic actress on the boards.

The length of our remarks on Miss Kelly, prevent our saying much of the other performers. Mr. C. Kemble's merit, as *Romeo*, is too well known and appreciated, to need our panegyric. Jones, as *Mercutio*, was very amusing—his delivery of "Queen Mab," admirable: the other parts were well played. The dresses, and part of the scenery, are new, and "the management" deserve great praise for the excellent way in which the whole tragedy is got up.

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SURREY.

This theatre has been well attended since our last, to witness the performance of two new pieces, the first is called "*The Tread Mill; or, Tom and Jerry at Brixton*"—it would be in vain to follow the author in what he may call a plot, but what we should give another name to.—It consists merely in the difficulties that befall a family of the name of *Pringle*, in their visit to the metropolis and its sights;—in the dialogue there are some very good hits at the reigning follies of the day, particularly in a song by *Dawidge*—our every day nuisances, *Tom, Jerry*, and *Logic*, are introduced, merely to give us an opportunity of seeing them at the Tread Mill, taking, as the play bills say "steps of repentance" the acting was tolerable, with the exception of J. Knight, who, whatever his merit may be as an imitator, is certainly no actor.

The second piece (new at least at this house) entitled "*The Pass of Arpenmax; or, the Dumb Man of the Rocks*," is the old molodrama of the "Tale of Mystery," newly christened—the acting of it was on the whole excellent. Mr. H. Kemble, as *Francisco*, never played better. Bengough, as the guilty *Romaldi*, gave a faithful but a fearful picture of the remorseless villain. Gale's *Stephano* pleased us much: he improves greatly. Mrs. Pindar played *Selma* in a pretty style. Bedford's *Father*, was as complete a bore as could possibly be desired:—in the name of all that's reasonable, "what does such fellows as this do crawling between heaven and earth?"

On Monday last, another new drama was produced, from the pen of Mr. Moreton, one of the company; it is called the "*Sea Devil*:" it takes its name from a smuggler, *Arnolf*, (H. Kemble) surnamed the "sea devil" for his astonishing and daring conduct. In this piece there is the usual quantity of "hair-breadth escapes," and improbable incidents, that form the dramas at minor theatres. We are always desirous of applauding those, who join the author with the actor, if in their attempts to amuse us, they evince even

a spark of genius ; but really, when an actor has the consummate vanity to thrust himself forward as a dramatist, without possessing one original idea, but who, "with forehead unabashed," steals others' good things, and calls them his own, we consider it our duty to expose to the world these dramatic burglars; we shall perhaps in our next refer again to this piece, (should it run so long,) and point out those parts of it that have been pillaged from other dramas.

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OLYMPIC.

"*The Mountain Hut ; or, the Tinker and his Son*," a piece brought out at Sadler's Wells last season, has been revived here: it possesses some interest, and was on the whole well performed.

Of the little afterpiece entitled "*Love Letters*," it is only the amusing one of "*Lovers' Quarrels*," with a new title. Vining played *Carlos* with some spirit:—we cannot however praise Lancaster's *Sancho*: he was too tame—we think Vale would have been a much better representative of the arch valet. Mrs. Egerton performed *Jacintha* most excellently, and was greatly applauded.

"*Tom and Jerry*," and the "*Tread Mill*," still continue to draw good houses.

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WEST LONDON.

The comedy of the "*Wonder*" affords a pleasing burletta for the cast of this theatre. Brunton's *Don Felix*, is an excellent likeness of the ardent yet suspicious lover: the different scenes with *Violante* were most admirably kept up. Hooper played *Colonel Briton* in a pleasing and highly reputable manner: his mode of acting improves on acquaintance most materially; he has no assuming or hacknied deportment, which is seen in common with *light comedy gentlemen*. Dobbs is entertaining upon all occasions, but *Lissardo* is not directly in his line. A Miss Marinus appeared as *Isabella*, and with assiduity may attain a liberal reward. Miss Brunton's performance of *Violante*, is chaste and interesting; this is one of a certain class of characters in which she has no rival. Mrs. Barnard is the most inviting kind of a *lady's lady* possible.

The melodrama of the "*Forest of Bondy*," with some slight alterations from the original, is pleasantly represented. Brunton, as *Aubri*; Hooper, *Gontram*; Miss Norton, as *Lucille*; and the dumb boy, (*Florio*) by Miss Brunton: Mr. Cordell and a Mr.

Kirk were "the murderers," *Macaire* and *Landry*)—which were "the best o' the cutthroats," is rather difficult to determine. The figure of Mr. Cordell is good, and the dark shade of his countenance suits the melodrame business very favorably, but his unmodulated voice, and undignified gait, are at war with every other quality that may recommend him: if he were to study articulation with greater care, and sufficiently *feel* his character, he would profit by it considerably: his ghastly horror, depicted on looking at the corpse of Aubri, was good.—*Macaire* is not naturally a villain, but urged to crime by ambition and *Landry*, becomes its victim: a pang of remorse frequently strikes him, and, maddened, he hurries from reflection—in this conception Mr. Cordell was correct. The dying scene of Brunton is very effective: his effort to embrace the guilty *Macaire*, his convulsed yet sincere expression of forgiveness, and his manner of falling lifeless on the earth, was truly great, and met with continued plaudits.

SHAKSPEARE'S FEMALE CHARACTERS.

No. III.—JULIET.

"Had we never loved so kindly,
Had we never loved so blindly,
Never met, or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted."

BURNS.

THE God of love has indited this play, (*"Romeo & Juliet,"*) and spread over it his balmy wings, and he is present to the mind of every reader or spectator of it. It is not, however, amidst the applause of gazing crowds, or in the noise and glare of a theatre, where every thing is calculated to rouse passions far less pure than those which will harmonize with the spectacle on the stage, (as far at least as the poet is concerned in that spectacle)—it is not here, that the beauties of a character like this will be duly estimated: we must look upon the mild radiance of the moon, the nightingale must warble its sweetest notes, and the hum of men must be stilled—*then JULIET* shall rise to our mind, like a beautiful spirit of the world of purity, robed for an hour in the garments of mortality, only to show of what delicacy and simplicity they were susceptible, and what innocence and loveliness they were capable of clothing.

When we first read this play, (oh! would that period of boyhood could return!) there was something which struck us as ex-

tremely touching, in the ardent affection excited in the breast of Juliet, at the first sight of Romeo: the narrative went to our heart *then*, (and it has had a place there ever since) and thrilled it with an intensity of interest, that we shall never feel again, now that we have cooled our natural ardour down to the standard of the world.

She had looked on him, with whom her fate was to be entwined, and that hour was to begin a new existence. Another might have been the idol of a day, and the friend of her childhood, but this was the guiding star of her life, and the being who must bless her, or be her death-wound. Her eyes were to be often drawn from him, but her heart was to be for ever his. Fortune had not doomed either to pine in the bitterness of unreturned affection, theirs were delicate hearts, formed for each other, and that could unite with none else. It is refreshing, amidst the bustle of the "daily world's true worldlings," to cherish an idea so pleasant—oh! there are kindred spirits, intended to assort, who need but one approximation to each other in place, to annihilate all distance, and unite them in those bonds of the heart, which time and space are powerless to sunder. They met but once, and then the sea, the earth, and death itself, might part their bodies, but their souls were never to be separated.

There was but little need of the cold formalities of introduction, and the long gradation from the passing acknowledgment to the intimacy of friendship. There are souls, and these were of the highest order of such spirits, who perceive far quicker than words can express, that they have met one, whose life is to colour and influence their own.

"She took with her from Romeo's heart that sigh,
We sometimes give to forms that pass us by,
In the world's crowd, too lovely to remain,
Creatures of light we never see again."

It is in this production, that we hear "the silver sound of lovers' tongues by night," stealing softly over us, like the melancholy sweetness of remembered joys. We can long with Juliet, for the time when love shall need no herald but our thoughts, and we shall not have to wait the malicious delay of an impertinent messenger, for tidings on which our happiness may hinge.

"Oh! if there be an elysium on earth,
It is this! it is this!"

Such pleasure is too bright to last, and an hour of darkness might be expected to overshadow it.

That hour came, and all the gloom of separation and despair

clouds the desolate scene, but love is triumphant and unabated still: there is no guilt in either to chill the ardour of affection in the other; inconstancy does not intrude his volatile step, nor scandal lay his haggard hand upon their blighted prospects; they loved to the last: and he who listens to their tale, is not thrown back upon himself, with a conviction of the utter wretchedness of a race, who cannot be true to themselves. The chord which bound them to each other did not break, but fate decreed that it should soon be of a more heavenly texture: from the bloom of health, and love, and happiness, to the withering blast of misfortune, the repulsive gloom of the pall, the knell, the vault, and the cold silence of the grave, the transition is so violent, that it seems the painting of a dream, and we think for the moment of the lovers as existing still, but the sad catastrophe breaks the delusion, and horror takes the place of pity.

Banishment is a lover's death—"the damned use that word in hell!"—this makes Juliet desperate: it is the hour on which hung all her hopes: she will hazard life itself, (for "the friar may be false,") on this eventful point, even with all the terrors of the charnel-house, and the scarce cold body of her kinsman, to be overcome. Truly,

"She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek."

It is impossible for the most excursive fancy, in its darkest visions of grief, adequately to depict the agony of that waking moment, when she opened her eyes upon her lover's corpse. There was no doubting then as to the course she had to take: all queries were resolved in that wild glance. Her lord had left no poison: but it mattered not, her resolve was fixed, and had there been no dagger, to rest in a purer sheath than the weapon ever found before, sorrow would have been sufficient to do the work of death, and madness laid her in her grave: the instruments of mortal vengeance were not so ready, nor so keen, as that which was in her own heart. She is tenderly true even in death, and death becomes but the closing link of a series of misfortunes, which are to end in everlasting peace. Souls such as these are of another world; this is not their abode; they pass a short probation in it, and then unite in an eternal and perfect communion.

PHILO-TRAGICUS.

ON JUGGLING, &c. BEING EXHIBITED AT THEATRES.



THE Drama is capable of affording pleasure and entertainment in a high degree; the estimation in which it is held, by all classes and conditions of mankind, must surely prove it, for each finds amusement suited to his taste—the poet, in having the finest passages arrest his ear, delivered with every grace of speech; the philosopher, in witnessing the display of passion, and the varied motives of action in man, brought before his view; the lover, the citizen, the man of the world too, each find something suitable to their tastes, and agreeable to their minds. But too often is this desirable end set aside, and the stage defiled with juggling, rope-dancing, and innumerable other foolish and trifling performances, which disgrace the place, that ought to be devoted to the muses alone: weak indeed must those minds be, whom such follies have power to entertain.

Surely the stage was never intended to be a place, where such a combination of foolery, extravagance, and unmeaning exhibitions, should be brought before the attention of its frequenters: the legitimate drama has had always for its object, the representation of the tragic muse, and the witticisms of comedy. Why then should it be defiled with ridiculous sights and shows? for these afford no opportunity for the developement of passion; no food for the mind; no way by which the heart may be improved; no thoughts or sentiments inspiring love of virtue; no excitement to acts of nobleness, or display of deeds of valor; nor any way by which the effects of hatred, grief, love or joy, can be depicted: they chase away all that can instruct, neither do they leave behind any pleasing thoughts or pleasurable recollections.

It would tend much to the good and benefit of the stage, if such performances were prohibited in a regular theatre; it would render those from which they are excluded more worthy and honorable. When we reflect upon the origin of such exhibitions, it must surely create in a mind, pleased with more rational amusements, unpleasant associations: for, from whence do they spring? where have they flourished? have they not at fairs, wakes, and annual feasts, &c. frequented by children, the foolish and the vulgar?—for such they were invented: now they are offered as entertainment for the polite and enlightened. Who could have supposed, they would have been transplanted from scenes of folly and childish dissipation, to take a place on a regular stage: this must surely, if rightly considered, be an insult to the frequenters of the theatre, and an affront to their understandings, to have those exhibitions placed before their view, which can only amuse an infant, and the most ignorant.

It may be said, that it pleases "*the gods!*" and that managers are obliged in some measure to them, as they form a considerable part of an audience: many or most of these would rather they

were dispensed with; they see enough of such fooleries at other places. But if they must have them, (and there are those who are fond of them) why not go to those houses expressly appropriated for such exhibitions: there they may be satiated with them, for juggling, races, clown, punches, and all kinds of shows of that description, they will find abundantly, and may for hours be entertained with such sights, as suit the littleness of their minds. At such places they may be tolerated, as they profess only to exhibit the like, and hold out no other mode of entertainment, and such only the frequenter expects. These things may be very well adapted for such a place as Vauxhall, where, if a person dislikes them, he can avoid them, and yet amuse himself, for there he will find 'ample space and verge enough,' to move about and seek other amusement, with which it plentifully abounds:* there he is not confined to witness an exhibition against his will, which at the theatre he cannot avoid, without quitting the house.

It is hoped the day will arrive, when the stage will be cleared of all these extravagances, and the pure and unalloyed productions of British genius long adorn the theatre, maintain its dignity unsullied, and honorably fill that situation now so often usurped by ridiculous exhibitions.

Y. R.

Provincial Theatricals.

BATH THEATRE. "*Tom and Jerry*" has been brought out here, for the purpose as it should seem of introducing Mr. Watkins Burroughs, (manager of the Surrey) in the part of *Jerry*, as originally performed by him at the Adelphi theatre:—the house has been well filled each night of his appearance. Miss Dance played *Belvidera* on Monday last, and made a most decided hit. Mr. Fisher is performing with success. Mr. Bennet will shortly make his first appearance. It is the intention of the manager, Mr. Dimond, in the course of the season, "to restore to the acting drama, a few of those legitimate though long dormant comedies, which are distinguished in the closet, for a refinement of dialogue as well as purity of morals:—we wish him success.

DUNDEE. Mr. Ryder's company is at present enriched with the united talents of Miss Stephens and Mr. Leon Lee:—as might have been expected, with such an acquisition, they are doing great business.

DUBLIN. That irresistible comedian, Liston, performed *Lord Duberly*, on Monday last, in his best style, to a full house. On the same evening, Miss Bolton, from the Cork theatre, appeared for the first time on this stage, in the part of *Cicely Homespun*, and was much applauded. Liston played *Baillie Nicol Jarvie* on Wednesday. Miss Atkins and Mr. Warde are leading the tragic business.

HULL. Mrs. Bunn is here, and has met with her usual success, in her favorite part of *Queen Elizabeth*:—the house has been well and fashionably attended.

* Here it may be remarked, that much credit is due to the present proprietors of that most delightful place of summer amusement, for their endeavours to please, sparing no expence or trouble to make it worthy the patronage of the public, rendering it, by their unwearied exertions, a pleasant and interesting place of public resort. And truly they may be congratulated, on their successful season during the last summer, which may they still continue to deserve, and a discerning public bestow.

SHEFFIELD. "*Tom and Jerry*" have travelled to this town, and nightly receive crowds of visitors. Mr. Decamp has an excellent company; he has brought out some of the most approved comedies in great perfection; The "*Hypocrite*," (a *bespeak*) was played on Tuesday last, to a full house.

BRIGHTON. Mr. Russell, the manager, has brought out the "*Belle's Stratagem*," for the purpose of introducing the fascinating Miss Brunton, (always a great favorite here) as *Letitia Hardy*:—Miss Brunton was received with the cordiality of an old acquaintance, she acted the part with much spirit, and the whole performance went off with applause. Miss Clara Fisher has been performing here with success, in a new piece, written for her by Colman, and entitled "*Youthful Metamorphoses*," preparatory to her appearing in the same at Drury Lane theatre. "*Tom and Jerry*," is a popular afterpiece here at present.

SALISBURY. Mr. Alexandre is performing his celebrated "*Adventures of a Ventriloquist*," to full houses.

Original Poetry.

STANZAS

From a MS. Poem, by the Author of "Rhodomaldi."

"Then take—take this kiss, 'tis the last that e'er "

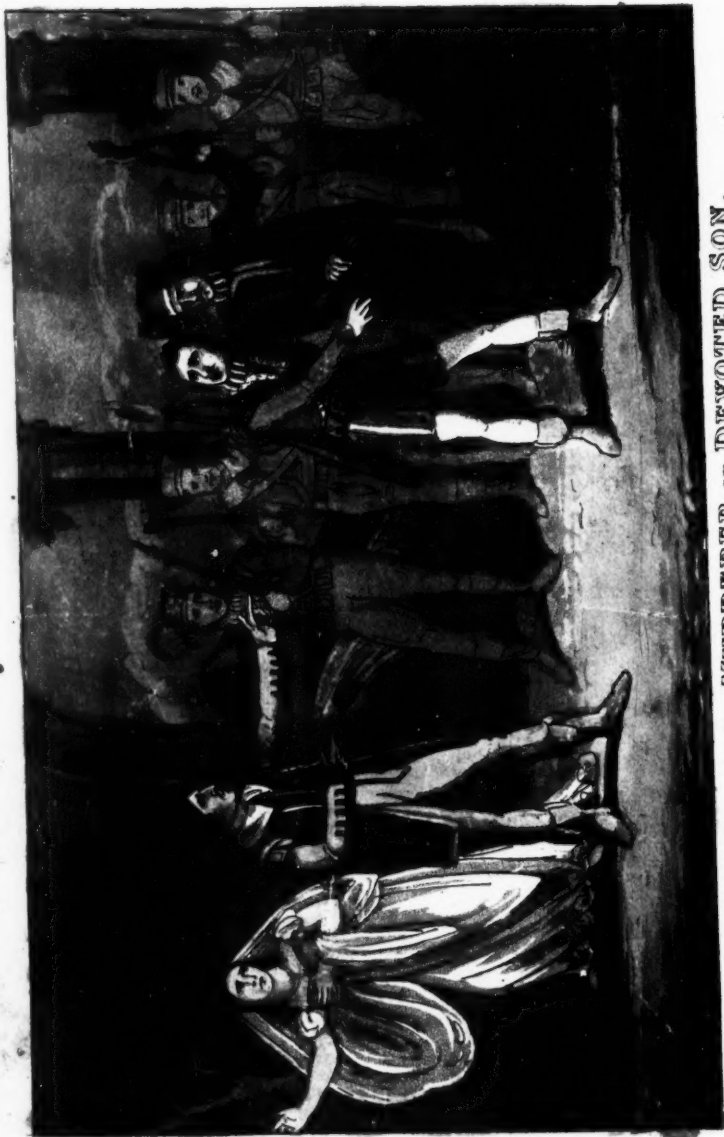
Our love can know—and take this sigh,
Its struggling ardour will indeed impart
A tribute of mournful misery;
And while breaks the last string of this poor heart,
Think, Julia, that its wretched sufferings were
Endur'd for thee!—take too this burning tear,
'Tis another gift to the shrine
Of wither'd joy!—T'will speak its tale of woe;
And a bos'm. so keenly stung as mine
May for a moment feel one tranquil glow,
Though its peace hath fled through many a year!

Oh! there were moments once—with sorrow light,
So light, that on love's cheer we'd gaze,
Till the eye redden'd with passion did swell,
The brain dissolve in such amaze,
And the soul enjoin in so sweet a spell,
That ages had seem'd but one happy night!
Yet oft, during that hour of pleasure's dream,
I have watch'd in sadness o'er thee:
Oft too, when only in secret anguish
Has my full heart whisper'd to thee
How much it lov'd!—but ah! could it languish
Close to thy form—could its wild tumult seem
To sleep near a heart so placid as thine,
Its throbs and its sorrows were fled:
Blest, if on the cheek of rosy ting'd hue
Or th' lip that was glowing and red,
I could seal the warm kiss! and in the dew
Of thine eye, mark the same rapture as mine.

Fled now are those moments—And mis'ry's train
Have bound us with each desponding care,
Our hearts are break'ng!—Is love so dark a crime,
That when calm'd, nature courts despair?
Or why so piteously recall the time
Of her early fondness by worlds of pain!

Lowndes, Printer, Marquis Court, Drury Lane.





SCENE FROM THE MURDERER, OR DEVOTED SON.

See Page 28.

Performed at the Surrey Theatre.